in regard to the newspapers, the Brit-ish monarch would have to write to the czar to express regret at the attitude of the British press.

Coloring a Pipe. "Talking about coloring up a meer chaum ripe," says Judge E. F. Col oro, "reminds me of what came to

schaum pipe," says Judge E. F. Colboro, "reminds me of what came to a fitiend of mine over in Colorado some years ago. He had just received a fine pipe, all decorated with fancy flowers, etc., a pipe worth considerable money. He wanted to get it colored properly, so he turned it over to an Irishman he knew who tended a furnace and smoked all the time. This Irishman was not familiar with the nature of meerschaum pipes. He would fill this fine pipe up and then scoop it through the ashes to galaer a coal. In about two weeks the owner of the pipe showed up to claim it. It was colored all right what there was left of it. The Itishman's habit of raking it through the ashes had worn all the fancy work off the front of the bowl, and that pipe generally was in a mighty sad state of repair. If you ever owned a meerschaum pipe you can imagine how the owner of that particular pipe felt when he received the wreck back."

Buffeted by Fate.

"Yes, I think I may state that I have had my ups and downs," said the dark-eyed young man in the long coat, "and I've had some of them right in

good for me. Well, when I struck your beautiful city I had a few coins stored away in my clothes and I dropped right

nto society. I remember in particular one Brigham street young lady. She nade quite a hit with me and I called

on her one day and was treated just

on her one day and was treated just lovely. Well, cruel fate got on my track right after that and ten days later I was driving a delivery wagon for a hardware store. About my second day on the job they had me load up a heating stove and told me to take it to a certain house and put it up. You can imagine my mixed emotions when I entered that home and found it was the same house where I had

when I emered that home and found it was the same house where I had made my glorious society call so short a time before. However, I concluded to play out the string and I put up the stove, the young lady, with others, being present. She did not make any mortion of even betting soon make any

and perhaps she didn't recognize me

ntion of ever having seen me before

### THE SALT LAKE HERALD

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ey News Depot.
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#### PROVO'S COMMERCIAL CLUB.

DROVO IS THE LATEST UTAH city of prominence to fly the signal of progress by the organization of a Commercial club. According to the census of 1900 Provo is the third largest city in the state. Since 1900 Provo had made material additions to her population, and strangers sojourning there are impressed by the many evidences

large and well kept, their stocks are Christian nation. clean and attractive, the buildings are substantial and they are architecturally handsome. The people of Provo Count von Pueckler when he heard are proud of their city and they are all that a native had stolen the lantern willing to work together for its ad- spoken of from a German corporation vancement. Notwithstanding the fact in the district in which he was commisthat the mayor is a Democrat and that sloner for the German government the council is evenly divided between Von Pueckler wrote the president of the Republicans and Democrats, there is company that he intended to compel no friction in the management of mu- the natives to respect German property,

The organization of the Commercial club was assisted by business men of all shades of religious and political beliefs. The sole and only object of these gentlemen was to advance the best in terests of the city. How well they are succeeding is evidenced by the pros-men of a village, and in the fight that perous appearance of the club rooms ensued Von Pueckler was killed and his the big business blocks. In these rooms gin. Ever since then the district has meetings are to be held frequently to been in a state of rebellion. The Gerdiscuss matters in which the mu- man corporation is ruined, its propnicipality is interested and there plans erty has been destroyed by fire and for a greater Provo will be perfected.

hardly fail to be a power for good. Organized business men can always ac- Pueckler was crazy, but that does not complish more than unorganized busi- alter the facts in the case. ness men. Provo now has a recognized quirers may draw accurate informa-Provo does not grow very rapidly during the next few years.

### ANOTHER HEART OPERATION .

ANOTHER HEART OPERATION IS reported from Philadelphia as 'success" by the operating physicians. At least the patient is still alive and it is said that he may recover. If he does it will be the first time a man has lived after his heart was sewed up. The fact that this man lived more than a that he lived through the operation is even more remarkable.

The patient is a negro, Thomas Emerson. He had a quarrel with his sweetheart and she stabbed him, making a their offices always answers politely, large gash in his heart. He walked several blocks to the nearest hospital and was at once placed on the operating table. An account says the surgeons bared his heart with a long incision and after breaking two of his ribs. Then one of them lifted the organ clear out of Emerson's body and the heart continued to beat in a manner almost

Six stitches were taken in the wound then the incision was closed, the patient revived and he continues to Emerson is a man of unprecedented vitality. If he recovers some people may conclude that the heart is not the vital organ, after all, and they will wonder which organ is vital. There seems to be no limit to the possibilities of modern surgery.

Men have been shot through the brain and lived to teil the story, their lungs.

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Men have been shot through the brain and lived to teil the story, their lungs.

they have recovered, stomachs have the telephone turneth away business survived. Still we would not advise politeness in Salt Lake. Men and boy people to take chances with such opera- and women who answer the telephone have always been men and women enclinging to life. One is led to believe they might even survive decapitation.

### WHERE TRUST MEETS TRUST.

C ABLE DISPATCHES announce that the steel manufacturers of Germany have about completed the organization of a trust in their industry, following practically the same general lines as the Carnegie-Morgan combination. The parallel between the two undertakings shows the adoption of American ideas of the most obnox-

ious pattern. To begin with, some of the German manufacturers were obdurate. They were at once notified that if they refused to come into the combination their business would be ruined by piratical competition exactly along the lines inaugurated by Mr. Rockefeller and afterward used so effectively by

our American trust makers. Then there was difficulty among the Germans because the Krupps demanded an excessive allotment of the interests involved. Mr. Carnegie is credited with having done the same thirty when Mr. Schwab and Mr. Morgan conceived the idea of a combination. Both Carnegie and the Krupps were in po- This will be a blow to young Mr. sition to demand almost any price for Hearst, who concedes that the delegaamaigamating, because they were both tion should be instructed for him. in position to dictate and could not be frightened by threats. The German organization has left out plants with small output, and their fate is a fore- We presume the Nebraska man regone conclusion.

ing arrangement with a central sell- at all liable to go against him.

to each of the signers of the syndicate \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\* contract. Whether the capitalization of the merged concerns is to be exchanged for new shares in the combination, or whether the integral companies are to preserve their individual organizations intact, does not appear In any event, it seems to be settle

that the twenty largest makers of steel and steel goods have combined for offensive and defensive commercia operations Just what effect this German merger

will have on the future of the American steel trade cannot be foreshadowed, except that it must inevitably result in more aggressive competition n the world's markets. The Germans have developed a scientific method of manufacture in steel that is fully equal to the American system; they are pushng out for trade much more aggressively than the Americans, and have made wonderful progress during the past decade in every branch of manufacture for export. It is not impossible that the German steel trust will be able to meet Mr. Morgan successfuliv at every competitive point; and if the German combination is unhampered by watered stock, such as swamped the American enterprise, it swamped the American categories will make Mr. Morgan's stockholders been employed to raise the Retvizan at sick, much more so than they are also treated with great consideration. He

#### SMALL CAUSE FOR WAR.

THE THEFT OF A LANTERN, worth, in all probability not to exceed \$1, has caused a war in German West Africa. The war has already cost feel all right. the lives of several Germans and number of natives, and a large amount of property has been destroyed. All because of a cheap lantern. The end is not yet. More lives will be sacrificed, of progress to be found on every hand, more property destroyed, before the re-The business houses of Provo are bellion is put down. And Germany is a

> The rebellion was made possible because of the overpowering wrath of and by way of beginning his enforcement of proper respect he intended to be headed off he proceeded with the work.

With twenty-five men at his back he attempted to arrest some of the head men of a village, and in the fight that which have just been opened in one of escort escaped death by a narrow mar-Germany has been forced to send a The Provo Commercial club will punitive expedition to the scene. By way of extenuation it is said Von

Because of a dollar lantern Germany and authentic source from which in- has an insurrection on its hands. It is a very dear price to pay for a lantern. tion. It will be surprising indeed if If Von Pueckler were alive he would doubtless say he fought for a principle, rather than for the cost of a lantern but a great many crimes have been committed under the plea of enforcing a principle. The effect of this affair will doubtless be to make Germany more careful in the selection of her agents in West Africa. She should change them, too, at least often enough to keep them from going crazy.

## TELEPHONE POLITENESS.

few moments after his injury is remarkable enough. And the further fact How MANY BUSINESS MEN stop to think of the vast deal of business that is lost or gained through the instrumentality of the telephone? How many of them are sure that the individual who answers the telephone in always takes an interest in the business of the party on the other end? A writer in Mahin's Magazine discusses this point very entertainingly. He says:

"One outward expression of the business is the girl who answers the telephone. What would you think if I told you that a prospective customer called you up the other day and that the masty, harsh-voiced, ill-tempered treatment he received over the wire gave him a most disagreeable impression of your concern. He got neither the telephone connection, the information, nor the consideration he expected—and you did not get the business. By such a slender thread sometimes hangs an order.

have been perforated by bullets and wrath so a grouchy response through been removed and the patients have There is altogether too little telephone tions unless as a last resort. The are often as surly as if you were askpatients who have lived through them ing them for some great personal favor when you want to know if Mr. Blank dowed with a marvelous capacity for is there, or when he will return, or something of that kind.

The chances are that the surly ones would not dream of being surly if they were talking face to face with the in quirer. Good business demands telephone politeness just as much as it demands politeness in other respects.

The notorious negro divekeeper and Republican politician, Bruce Johnson may congratulate himself on escaping with a fine of \$150 for his attack or "Patsy" Burns some time ago. The penalty, under the circumstances, was in extremely light one. Many men have been sent to prison for a good deal less. But then they were not as influential as Johnson.

It is difficult to understand how the jury could recommend a sentence of life imprisonment in the case of Boles the Colorado man who brutally murdered a small boy while the latter was trying to protect his sister from an assault by Boles.

The delegates from New York to the Democratic national convention will not be instructed for any candidate.

The senatorial investigation into the case of Senator Dietrich has begun. wall output, and their fate is a foremall output, and t

# IN LIGHTER VEIN

Up Against It.

Up Against It.
Jack and Jill
They got a bill
For their electric lighting.
Jack said: "Great Scott!"
And Jill was hot.
Her language was exciting.
"Pay this bill?
Well, not until
We look at our meter!"
A look she took.
Her fist she sheek.
Poor Jill, the meter beat her!
"Well, Jill," said Jack,
"Let's send it back
And tackle kerosene lamps.
They'll be all right,
We'll get good light
And fool the electric light

Alas! Alaek! Poor Jill and Jack, Their light's still dim and yeller Wille Jack and Jh Both help to fill The Jeans of Rockefeller.

Great Consideration. As showing the warm regard the Russians have for Scotchmen, the fol-

"A Scotchman named Gilchrist ha has been given a sumptuous cabin on the side of the ship likely to be struck by the next torpedo." Convict Fuller has been dishonorably

discharged from the army. Now, if he could only get a dishonorable discharge from the Utah pen he would probably The leading Russian officers will meet General Kuropatkin at Lake Baikai. The leading Japanese officers hope to entertain him after he reaches the

It should be understood that those

Colorado strikers in asking for damages are not seeking further injuries of the character they have already received. Apostle Cowley's trip to Canada appears to be not only a beet sugar proposition, but a beat-Heywood proposition

but I think she knew me and dissembled. I don't hlame her. It must have been quite a surprise to her. I know of his distinguished relative at Berlin it was a surprise to me.

# ANECDOTES of LINCOLN

failing sympathy of the man went straight to the hearts of all who knew him. The mere mention of the name of Lincoln in an assemblage of people who knew him is sufficient to bring forth anecdote after anecdote. Someone has said that there are only forty good stories in the world, and many people believe that Abraham Lincoln was the author of at least thirty-nine

There has probably been no man in public life in the United States who could relate from his personal experi-ence more humorous episodes, all with plainly drawn moral, than could Mr. incoln. He was never at loss for a story to illustrate a point he intended to emphasize, and many of his anecdotes brought out what he wanted to say so clearly that he did not take the trouble to point their relation to the "Thank you," he departed.

The reason Lincoln could do things vords to fit the person to whom they I could not le were addressed. As a story teller he even if I could I did not think the sec-was without an equal in his time. Fol-lowing are some stories told by and of "Oh, yes, he will," was the answer:

ington," said an old politician of the south. "I went to see him, so prejudiced beforehand that no man with less "Well, I couldn't doubt him, and he ever came under the charm of Lin- chair, just like an old watchman, oln's personality without respecting im, and, if allowed, loving him.

ing his long cheek thoughtfully, and

"'Once in awhile my mother used to get some sorghum and some ginger and mix us up a batch of gingerbreed."

"Wear out. It is my 'Al chair.'"—Washington Star. vasn't often and it was our bigges

'One day I smelled it and came into the house to get my share while it was hot. I found that she had baked me three gingerbread men, and I took them under a hickory tree to eat them. There was a family near us that was a little poorer than we were, and their boy came along as I sat down.
""Abe," he said, edging close,

"gimme a man." gave him one. He crammed i at me while I bit the legs from my first one. into his mouth at two bites and looked "Abe," he said, "gimme that

other'n 'I wanted it, but I gave it to him, and as it followed the first one I said:
"'"You seem to like gingerbread?"
"'"Abe," he said, earnestly, "I don't s'pose there's anybody on this earth likes gingerbread as well as I do," and, drawing a sigh that brought up orumbs,

'I don't s'pose there's anybody gets And the old congressman said Mr. Lincoln looked as though the subject

The following story, which was written by Benjamin G. Jayne, who during the most of the Civil war was the personal assistant of Edwin M. Stanton, the famous war secretary, was told at a Lincoln dinner last spring:
One day Lincoln sent for Jayne to come to the White House. "My boy."

said he, "there is a letter I would like Jayne picked up the letter and found it was from General Dix. It conveyed the information that several federal prisoners had escaped from Libby pris-on with the aid of Abbie Green, a woman famous during the war. The let ter also said that as the fact of Abble' assistance was well known, she ha been obliged to flee from Richmond

and even then was on her way to Washington on the flag of truce boat. 'Now, my boy," said the president "I don't know what I should say to any rascal who would steal that letter and have a bill passed through con-

"But the greatest thing about Abra- | Green. The following morning "Honham Lincoln was his God-given hu-manity," said a distinguished speaker in commenting on the life and work of the said, with a twinkle in his eye, "to ham Lincoln was his God-given humanity," said a distinguished speaker in commenting on the life and work of the great president. This was the side of his nature that appealed directly to the people, and it is the thing that holds him dear in their memory. The quaint humor of Lincoln, the keen sense of the ludicrous, and the neverfailing sympathy of the man went of

"One day during the Civil war I wa sitting here when a tall, angular gentleman entered the main door and asked if the secretary was in. I told him it was too early for the secretary to be in his office.

"Promptly on the hour the tall gen-tleman ascended the steps, walked into and say things was that he understood human nature in all its varied lights, speechless when he asked me if I would he knew men as perhaps no other great not go in the secretary's office and ask man has ever known them. He studied humanity carefully and tempered his words to fit the person to whom they. I could not leave my next of duty and

President Lincoln that reflect this and as for leaving your post, I will be characteristic:

"When Lincoln first came to WashMr. Lincoln, and I will simply take

genius could have overcome it. I left stepped up to me and unpinned my hat first interview his friend. No man badge, stuck it on his coat, took my on's personality without respecting remarked: Think I can fill the bill? m, and, if allowed, loving him.
"I said I thought he could, and with a smile playing over his face as I ood friends, I told him of my early walked away, he said he'd keep things straight. I delivered his message to the 'Mr. Lincoln,' I said, 'I had heard secretary, and it was only a few min

every mean thing on earth about you were talking together here in the corridor. I heard that you were too fond of the pleasures of life.'

"Mr. Lincoln sat for a moment strok-"

When the president gave me back my hadge he pinned it on and thanked me for what I had done, and you must that watchmen are no usually thanked by those in power. stern voice: would not take any amount of money
'That reminds me of something that for this old chair, and I don't use it all boy said to me when I was about 10 the time because I am afraid it will wear out. It is my 'Abe Lincoln

# A Dangerous Widow.

No malden coy, but one with ripened mind And common sense.

What class, I wondered, might hold he I sought
To bless the lot of me, lone, hapless wight?
The maidens? No. The widows? Yes, I thought The widows might.

Ah, well! she came at last, a witching thing:
We plighted troth, and all my world
seemed bright,
Besides—her money would have graced a

The widow's mite! nite: Ha! Ha! A hundred "thou" per year!

A royal sum! My hopes were all a-worked over the safe. For a long time worked over the safe. year! A royal sum! My hopes were all a-light.

Alas for me! I soon had cause to fear The widow's might. And now, when up the silent stairs I steal On liptoe, softly, in the dead of night, She's always waiting up, and then I feel The widow smite.

A Matural Question (Chicago Post.) "Gentlemen," said the impassione rator, "I cannot tell a lie."
"Then what are you doing in poli

GRAND THEATRE JONES & HAMMER Mgrs PRICES Night, 25c, 50c, 75c.

tics?" interrupted a man in the audi

# TONIGHT!

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SANDY BOTTOM A dramatic story of unusual force. NEXT ATTRACTION-'Circumstantial

# The BANK AND The BURGLAR

"The days of the professional in my line," said John S. Brush, dean of Ine "asid John S. Brush, dean of American bank burglars, as he entered Sing Sing for a five years' term, "are ended." The current number of the Financial Age shows that a modus vivendi, something in the nature of an armed truce, tacit and informal, but he house of the desperadoes. On this some one had scribbled, as men erfectly well understood, exists beween the fraternity of bank burglars and the American Bankers' association. The report of that association. in the Financial Age, declares that no professional burglar or forger will knowingly attack a member of the as-

Of the fourteen burglaries committed on members of the association during the year just ended, only one was committed by a professional—the other thirteen by wandering tramps ("Yeggthe association's annual report calls them), not sufficiently intelligent to know about the A. B. A. "At Princeville, Ills.," says the association's report, "burglars who had entered the Auten & Auten bank with heavy tools stolen for the work, accidentally dis-covered its sign of membership in the A., and, placing it upon the paying teller's counter, abandoned the job at once." And when a burglar discovers that he has unwittingly come into conflict with the A. B. A. he at once adopts the policy of the coon to Davy Crockett, exacting only such concessions as he can in the way of light

Attitude of the Burglar.

This attitude of the burglar, even if not inspired by wholly benevolent mo-tives, is, nevertheless, a very handsome one; and all that the burglars ask ir exchange is that the members of the association keep their membership signs conspicuously posted where burglars can see them and be warned. The same men who dropped their tools on discovering an A. B. A. sign at Princeville, Ills., says the annual report. "subsequently successfully attacked the safe of the First National bank of Abingdon, Ills., a member of the association, whose sign they did not see When the collective power of the asso-ciation pursued and caught them, the remark of the burglars was, don't you put your sign where a man can see it?" And one feels there was justice in their indignation. The association sent out circulars to the mem-bers throughout the country, with special information and precautionary advice, "urging them to keep their me treasury, and don't you let her go until eral states made their first attack, she gets that money." far as known, upon a member of James Etter, a doorkeeper in the war association-the First National bank of James Etter, a doorkeeper in the war department, frequently occupied a chair with which he could not be induced to part because it was once used by President Lincoln, while he wore a badge of a watchman pinned on the lapel of his coat. During the recent national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Washington Mr. Etter explained the incident in this way:

association—the First National bank of Irwin, Pa. For some time prior to the attack this bank had been without its membership sign, which had been without its attack this bank for sale with the wore a backet of the country on the recent of the Republic at Washington was a spent out there came near including all of them.

"I was spending some time to the attack this bank had been without its attack this bank had been without its attack this bank had been without its attack this bank ha

### Met So in Old Days.

It was not so in the old days. A bold and deft adventurer could crack a safe at midnight, put a hundred miles be-tween himself and his enemy by banking hours in the morning, and the sub-sequent contest of wits and slipperiness and daring, between a single bank and a single burglar, the burglar usually won. No one bank could afford to spend more than a few hundred dollars thief got more than a few miles away he was reasonably safe. In those days, breaking was an attractive and profit-able occupation for reckless spirits. But now the safe cracker is pursued But now the safe craws.

by not only one, but 7,000, banks. So by not only one, but 7,000, banks. So is mall a sum as \$10 a year from every imember of this association makes a fund of \$70,000 to hunt burglars. The horses had been tethered close by us to a tree, and now they were plunging and neighing and tugging at their halters in a frenzied panic. ger reward that a single bank could offer, there is an unlimited fund for the pursuers to draw upon. During the year just ended the A. B. A. spent 38199 65 in the detection of hereafters. \$38,199.65 in the detection of burgls The association employs the Pinker ton detective agency all the year round, Its instructions are: "Spare not m spare not time; get the man." To the Pinkerton agency adds the injunc-tion, "Spare not human life." Last year one Pinkerton man was murdered in the performance of the American Bankers' association's work. The burglar, forger, thief or petty swindler who takes so much as a single dollar from a member of the A. B. A. thereby sets in motion a relentless pursuit, or ganized, systematic, business-like, with unlimited patience, broad experience and expert knowledge of burglars. The A. E. A. never gives up. It has today men still on the trail of the gang who, at noon on Sept. 19, 1900, held up a Nevada bank and took \$32,617. The most highly colored picture of royal vengeance and espionage that ever thrilled a historic novel reader falls short of the war which the A. B. A. wages on the criminal who molests one An Instance.

Some months ago, the National Bank of Union, Missouri, telegraphed the A. B. A. headquarters that burglars had attacked them. The Pinkerton agency at St. Louis was warned and within a few hours their detectives were on the scene. The burgiars had been of the most desperate character. They made no effort to conceal the noise of the nitroglycerine they used, and when a near-by resident looked out the window to see what was the matter they shot the Pinkerton men falled to find any clue, Finally, Detective Schumacher learned that an unknown man had been loitering about the town several days before the robbery and when last seen had walked away in the direction of Stanton. At Stanton it was learned that one William Rudolph had lately returned to his old home after a long absence following the torture and walkabsence following the torture and rob-bery of an aged couple. Rudolph had brought with him a stranger calling himself Fred Wilson. Both were, after the burglary, unusually well supplied with money. Schumacher procured a varrant and, accompanied by a pos of deputy sheriffs, advanced on Ru-dolph's home, which was in a deserted niner's cabin on a hill commanding the surrounding country. The erocounter is thus described in the simple but graph-ic language of the annual report:

"As the posse peared the house one

"As the posse neared the house one of the doors was suddenly thrown open by two men, who afterward proved to be Rudolph and Collins, alias Lewis. They opened fire on Schumacher, who fell from shots received in the hip and groin; whereupon, while he was writhing in agony on the ground, Collins de-liberately fired two shots into Schu-

"Collins and Rudolph were each armed with two large revolvers, and fired volley after volley at the retreating posse. A revolver carried by Schunacher was taken by the desperadoes rom the dead body. Refere the from the dead body. Before the posse

The professional bank burglar up-) could be reinforced, Collins and Rupears to be the most completely dolph escaped from the house, forced crushed victim of capital combination, says the Boston Transcript. He has vielded to the inevitable with the fa- away; and, although the posse caught

> per left in the house of the desperado On this some one had scribbled, as m do in idleness, again and again, "Fred Lewis, George Collins,

> The detectives went to Hartford and The detectives went to Hartford and searched the city directory in vain.
>
> Then they began a patient, systematic hunt for one who might have a relative or a friend named Collins. They were almost baffled, when it come to their attention that a man named Col-lins had lived in Hartford five years before. All known of him was, vaguely, that he had "gone west." With their expert knowledge of criminal ways, the Pinkerton men simply camped in Hart ford and waited. Some weeks later they noticed on the streets a man who answere the description of Rudolph. They kept their eyes on him in the hope that he would lead them to Collins;

Between \$7,000 and \$8,000 of the stolen money was found on their persons. The criminals were surrendered to the Mis-souri authorities. Collins was hanged and Rudolph made a bold escape. The association's report of this incident ends with this significant statement "Rudolp's is now being closely watched for in every part of the world."

### WHERE HUES MADE HOURS.

Color Scheme in Windows Which Told Time of Day.

(New York Times.) Fred G. Ross, theatrical manager, recently visited a friend, an architect, who has a country home at Morristown, N. J. The house is unique and nearly every window is of stained golf, glass, all of different colors. When Mr. Ross came down to breakfast next "Ps

morning the host said: "Oh, by the way, the sun was shin- wheel,

ing in your room when you left it,

zled at the abruptness of the "Well, what color did you notice was the most conspicuous of all the hues thrown upon the matting of your

replied Mr. Ross, rather puz-

"Why, I think yellow was the most pronounced," said Ross, wondering what the architect was driving at. "Hum—yellow, eh? Well, then it was just about 9 o'clock when you finished

breakfast the manager went

driving with his host, and returned in time for lunch. As they entered the home the architect's daughter met you observe what was the color of the shadow cast by the sun through the

'Yes, father: it was red. "Red, eh? Well, that means it is now o'clock, and time for luncheon." Ross was puzzled. He knew his friend as eccentric, but didn't comprehend ne precise connection between hues nd hours. As soon as his host left

the room the daughter said, apolothat father has some peculiar fads, and the color scheme is one of them. He un is shining, he can tell almost to a

minute what time of day it is."
"Why doesn't he consult a clock or his watch?" asked Ross. "For the simple reason that there isn't a timepiece of any kind in the

'What does he do if it is cloudy or "Oh, then he goes to New York, where he can always have a good

A Beginning.

(Philadelphia Press.) "Oh, no: of course, I don't care for bicycling now. I'm going in for

"Indeed? Have you got an outfit?"
"Part of it. I've got the golf stockings I used to wear when I rode the

## LIFE ON THE PECOS

HEN we fired our volley of buckshot a while ago at a little tom-tit, I was thinking of a week I once spent in New Mexico, near the headwaters of the Pecos river," said the hunter who was tramping the Kankakee marshes for snipe ard marsh birds. "That was only two years ago, and I have every reason to believe that the row could be any louder, but if I'd fired into a powder barrel the result of my shooting on my two companions. "Leon sprang to bis feet with a yell and grabbed his gun. Juan was up only a second after. Both of them jumped in front of the fire, their backs to it, their faces toward the first out. birds. 'That was only two years ago, and I have every reason to believe that the same conditions still hold good.

"When you start out on a sporting trip there you never know just what you're hunting until you meet your On spent out there came near including all

"I was spending some time looking over the country on the upper Pecos. One day I expressed a desire to go out on a week's hunting trip, and the superintendent of the ranch detailed two

vaqueros to go with me.

"We set out one morning and traveled all day up into the mountains without seeing a thing bigger than a ground squirrel, and I was beginning to think there wasn't much game in "That night we camped beside a pool in a dry creek bed, and I went to sleep in my blanket. Just what woke me I don't know, but I remember dreaming that I heard the wails of the lost souls from the bottomless pit. I awoke grad-ually, and even then the long, agoniz-

ing yells continuel. Then I sat up with a start, fully awake.

"The fire was pretty low, but both "Then I" nately piling on more brush and blow-ing the coals with a nervous haste un-usual to the Indian temperament. The

suddenly, above the noise, came the same unearthly racket that I had taken for the wails of lost souls in my dream money. —a tremendous choruss that rose and To this fell like the cries of a mob.

"I jumped to my feet, and my body

was covered with gooseflesh. The whole camp was circled by wolves, and as my eyes got used to the dark I could see them daring each other to rush in. working so frantically at the

"Suddenly there was a wild scream from one of the horses and a mixup of fierce snarl. A husky wolf had fast-"Leon and Juan jumped up and began blazing away with their six-shooters. Fortunately the fire leaped up

good just then and we could distinctly see the horses and the snarling wolves see the horses and the snarling wolves about them. The fire and the shooting drove the wolves off again.

"The brush was burning briskly by this time, but there was no more fuel that would burn on our side of the wolves. It was about fifty yards to where the dried brush was, up the river

bank. But those two Indians proved worthy of their race. "Leon picked up a blazing brand and made a dash up the bank, Juan pelting along just after and firing two sixshooters in every direction. The wolkes scattered like chickens, and they reached the brush in safety. Then, while Leon held the blazing brush up before him and danced and whooped. Juan built another fire, which was smalling brushly within a few min. rackling briskly within a few min-

"Meanwhile I was tending the cam Meanwhile I was tending the camp fire, and just as it was dying out again Leon came flown with an armful of fuel. Then we tethered the horses be-tween two fires and kept them both biazing. The wolves drew off and we could only locate them by their howls and snarls and an occasional gleam of eyes, but they were not near enough

eyes, but to worry us. "Now, you might think our troubles were over thep. That's what we were over thep. That's what we have mistake were over ther. That's what we thought, but we made a hig mistake. Even the two Indians couldn't foresee what would happen before morning.
"Well, we took turns at sleeping and feeding the fires. It was my turn last and Leon had called me. By the stars I judged it to be about 4 o'clock in morning.

"Leon was just curling up in the blankets when an unearthly row broke cut where we knew the wolves to be. They no longer howled, but each individual member of the pack seemed to turn himself loose into snarls. We could also hear grunts, and pebbles and rocks were being kicked about as though an elephant were trying to tear up the creek bed. "'Leon,' I said, 'I naturally can't

help turning loose a few rounds into that meeting, just to contribute our little mite to the excitement.

Then they both began firing and I did the same, although I had no idea then that there was something besides wolves out there. Pretty soon I heard the clatter of big bowlders coming to-ward us; then a gigantic form, roar-ing like a bull, only louder, came pounding into the firelight. It was bear, and at the first glance I thou him about the size of a small house

"'Run!" shouted Leon and we scat-tered over the creek bed toward the "We got up the bank all right. Meanwhile the other fire had blinded the bear and he had pelted right into it. He roared and screamed and we just poured a steady fire into him, which didn't seem to bother him so much as the blazing brush.

"Finally he freed himself, although his fur was smaking in a dozen word?"

his fur was smoking in a dozen spots, and he made for the bank, where we stood firing our repeaters. But he was weakening, and about half way he rolled over and stirred the river bed up. Finally he gave a last grean

Then Leon went down to rebuild the half-scattered fire, but I notice he gave the bear a wide circuit. gun barrel was so hot that I have scar yet where it burned my hand. "Well, when daylight came t

grown grizzly. That kept us busy all day, but toward evening Leon and I went out and shot a wild goat, which went well with the bear for supper.

"We dragged most of the bear carcass some distance off from the camp, and that night we heard the woives and coyotes battling as they gorged themselves, and we knew there was no danger of their bothering us.

"Next morning we pulled stakes and

"Next morning we pulled stakes and moved farther up into the mountains, and every day for the rest of the week we had an encounter with something that would have been too big for me to handle alone. In fact, I felt much like a baby in care of those two Indians.

"We returned on the seventh day to Los Cuernos with a bear skin, five wolf skins, two goat skins and three deer hides. I didn't enjoy it so much toward the last-got satiated with killing, as it were-but I've often longed since to have another week on the up

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